PSALMS

A

METRICAL VERSION

OF FIFTY

PSALMS.

BY

FREDERICK RUSSELL.

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INSCRIBED

TO

JAMES RUSSELL,

IN TESTIMONY OF

EARNEST RESPECT AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION,

BY HIS BROTHER.

THE Author of the following pages, conscious that he is unable to offer any satisfactory apology for his work, is anxious only to state the principle on which it has been conducted. His earnest purpose has been throughout, to follow as accurately as is consistent with poetic diction, the Version of the Psalms as given in the Received Translation. In the difficulties which have occurred to him, aid has been sought from any other prose text which appeared to remove obscurity; but he has ever preferred to use, where it was possible, the words and phrases of a Version of infinite beauty, of allowed general accuracy, and which is so intimately combined with our best and earliest associations.

MARCH 26, 1843.

PSALMS.

I.

HAPPY the man! O truly blest!
Who never hath his feet address'd
To walk an erring, devious way,
Or evil counsel to obey;
Who standeth not where sinners meet;
Who sits not in the scorner's seat.

But his delight is in God's law
To meditate, and thence to draw
Precepts, which guide his feet by day;
Comforts, which are his nightly stay.

He shall be like a spreading tree
Planted by waters flowing free,
Which in due season from its root,
Bears the bright flower, the ripen'd fruit,
Nor mid the verdant foliage there
Shall be one drooping leaf, or sere;
Look! all his purposes shall be
Crown'd with a full prosperity.

Not so the ungodly; they shall fail,
And fly like chaff before the gale;
They shall not,—(the unholy band,)—
Unscathed in the judgment stand,
Nor shall the impious resort
To worship in Thy sacred court.

God o'er the good man's path presides,
Sustains his steps, directs, and guides;
But the dark way the ungodly go,
Ends in the gloomy depths of woe.

II.

WHY do the heathen nations rage?
The people's minds vain thoughts engage?
The kings of earth in wrath combine,
The rulers in the counsel join,
Against Jehovah, Lord Most High!
And His anointed, do they cry:
"Come, let us break their bands," they say,
"And cast with scorn their cords away."

But God, upon the clouds upborne,
Shall hold them in derisive scorn;
He shall on them His anger wreak;
And thus in sore displeasure speak:
"Hear ye My mandate and obey,
"My king shall yet on Zion sway."
Th' unchang'd decree I will declare—
God said, "Thou art My son, My heir,
"This day I have begotten thee;"
"Heathens thy heritage shall be,"
"And earth, in its remotest bound,"
"Shall be thy sure possession found."

"Thou shalt as with an iron rod"
"In pieces scatter them abroad,"
"They shall, like potters' broken ware,"
"Learn, dash'd to earth, thine ire to bear."
Be wise, ye monarchs; judges learn
The Lord's foreshowings to discern;
Serve ye with fear before His throne,
Your joy, though great, with trembling own;
Kiss ye the son, lest he be wrath,
And ye should perish from your path;
Perish! although avenging ire
Burns, as a newly-kindled fire;
And all the people shall be bless'd
Who firmly on Jehovah rest.

VIII.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent Thy name,
Earth doth in all her lands with joy proclaim;
Thou hast set forth Thy glory to our sight,
Above the heavens in beams of radiant light:
The lips of babes and sucklings Thou dost fill
With strength, Thy vengeful enemy to still.

When to the heavens I turn my wond'ring eyes,
And watch the moon, and stars, as bright they rise;
O what is man? that he should hope to share,
Or son of man? Thy notice, or Thy care?
In angel form, scarce lower in degree,
With glory crown'd, endu'd with dignity:
Thou o'er Thy works ordainest him to sway,
And all things, 'neath his feet, Thy word obey;

The fowls of air, the beasts that roam the field,
Or the wild forms in ocean waves conceal'd,
Obedient hear, and join in one acclaim,
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent Thy name.

XV.

WHO, Jehovah! shall abide
By Thy tabernacle's side?
Who the blessing shall receive,
On Thy holy hill to live?

He, who ever walks upright;
He whose works are just and right;
Who, from truth doth not depart,
But who speaks it from the heart:—
He, who useth not his tongue
To his friend or neighbour's wrong:
Beareth not the false report,
Which would do his neighbour hurt:—
He, who turns his eye from guile,
And in scorn beholds the vile:—
He doth honour and revere
Those who live with God in fear:
Though to his own hurt he vows,
Change he knows not, nor allows:—
He must not be ever known
To exact th' usurious loan:
Vainly bribes on him are spent
To betray the innocent.

He who hath these things approv'd,
He shall never be remov'd.

XIX.

JEHOVAH'S glory, lo! the heavens declare!
His handiwork the firmament of air;
Day uttereth unto day, aloud its speech,
And starry night to night, doth knowledge teach.
There is no tongue, nor is there language known,
But, lo! their voice is heard in silent tone;
Earth through its utmost lands reveals their line,
And in their words the world's far limits join:—
He gives the sun to mingle in the theme,
And bids in them his tabernacle beam.
Thence, as a bridegroom, see him bright arise
From out his nuptial chamber in the skies,
And as a giant from the bounds of space
Spring joyous forward to begin his race;
Around the heavens he doth his circuit mete,
And nought is hidden from the genial heat.

The soul is by God's perfect law refin'd;
His precept, maketh wise the simple mind;
His statutes just, rejoice the drooping heart;
Light to the eyes, His pure commands impart;
Right is the fear of God, and it shall be
When time is ended in eternity;
The judgments of Jehovah all are true,
And righteous are they altogether too;
Than gold are they to be desired more,
Yea! than large masses of the finest ore;
No honey doth so great a sweetness yield,
Not the rich comb, with luscious liquid fill'd;
By them, Thou dost Thy servant warn and guard,
And he in keeping them finds great reward.

Who can his frequent errors understand?
From secret faults O cleanse my heart, my hand!

From daring sins Thy servant, Lord, restrain,
Let them not over me dominion gain;
Then shall I innocent and upright be,
And from the great transgression, wholly free.

May my heart's musings, O may every word
My lips shall utter, or my pen record,
Please in Thy sight, my strength, redeemer, Lord.

XX.

WHEN trouble doth thy soul enthrall,
May the Lord listen to thy call:
The name of Jacob's God be nigh,
To save thee, and to set thee high;
Help from His sanctuary to send,
From Zion's hill may strength descend;
To mark thy off'rings as they rise,
Accept thine altar sacrifice,
To grant the dictates of thy will,
And all thy counsel to fulfil;
In Thy salvation we will joy,
In God's name raise our banners high:
O may He heed thy ev'ry want,
And all thy just petitions grant.

Now know I that the Lord will bring
Safety to His anointed king;
From holy heaven will gracious hear,
And with a strong right hand appear.

Lo! some for help to chariots flee,
To horses some; ourselves to Thee:
We call Thy sacred name to mind,
And deep within our memories bind:—

They are brought down and prostrate lie,
But we are risen, and stand on high.

Lord save our monarch! see we fall
Before Thy throne; O hear our call.

XXII.

MY God! my God! why hast Thou left,
And giv'n Thy servant o'er?
Why am I of Thy help bereft?
My words, why heard no more?

O my good God! by day I cry,
But still Thou hearest not;
By night I lift my voice on high,
And mourn aloud my lot.

But Thou art holy, Thou dost dwell
Where Israel's praises be;
Our fathers' foes Thou didst repel
When Israel trusted Thee.

To Thee with earnestness they cried,
And soon was safety found;
Upon their God alone relied,
Then no one could confound.

No man, but a mere worm, am I,
Reproach'd of men, despis'd;
All they that see me, pass me by,
Nor is their scorn disguis'd;

They shake the head, and thus they cry,
"He trusts Jehovah's might;
Now be his great deliv'rer nigh,
If He in him delight."

But Thou didst give me to the day,
  With hope hast cheer'd my road,
When on my mother's breast I lay,
  Thou only wert my God.

Strong bulls of Bashan set me round,
  Like lions seeking prey;
I am pour'd like water on the ground,
  My bones refuse their stay.

My melting heart with dread is fraught,
  Scarce can I draw my breath;
My tongue is parch'd, and I am brought
  Into the dust of death.

The dogs close round me; sinners meet
  In full assembly there;
My hands they pierced, and my feet;
  On me they look and stare.

They part my garments, and the lot
  Upon my vesture cast;—
But far from me, O Lord, be not,
  My strength! to help me haste.

My soul deliver from the sword,
  Let not the dog devour;
Save from the lion's mouth, O Lord,
  And from each savage pow'r.

For I will yet Thy name declare
  Unto my brethren round,
And with the congregation share
  Thy praises, glorious sound.

O praise Him, ye that love the Lord,
  Ye seed of Jacob join;
He is with fear to be ador'd
  By Israel's long-drawn line.

Thou hast not hated or despis'd
  The cry of sorrowing grief,
But Thou hast heard and sympathiz'd,
  And Thou hast giv'n relief:

My praise shall ever be of Thee,
  With Israel's pious crowd,
With those who fear Thee I will be,
  To pay what I have vow'd.

The meek our God will satisfy,
  And they shall offer praise;
The world shall worship Thee, Most High,
  And turn and seek Thy ways.

All pow'r, Jehovah Lord, is Thine;—
  He governs ev'ry throne:
The rich shall know Thy might divine;
  They who to dust go down.

No man can his own soul preserve;
  Still there shall be a seed
Who will the Lord Jehovah serve,
  Till age to age succeed.

They shall declare His righteousness
  To nations yet to be;
To unborn people shall express
  What hath been done by Thee.

XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know,
He leadeth me on where the still waters flow,
He makes me to lie, where the meadows are seen
Deep waving with herbage luxuriantly green.

He restoreth my soul; and He guides me to take
My way in straight paths for His holy name's sake:
Yea! when I shall enter on death's gloomy vale,
And its shadowy forms shall my courage assail,
No ill will I fear, while Thy presence I see,
Thy rod, and Thy staff, are a comfort to me.

My table Thou spread'st in the midst of my foes;
My head Thou anointest; my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy thro' life shall be mine;
I will dwell evermore, in God's temple divine.

XXIV.

THE earth, Jehovah, Lord, is Thine,
  Its fulness is Thine own;
The world declares Thy pow'r divine,
  And all that dwell thereon:
For Thou, and Thou alone didst cast
  Its mass upon the seas;
Founded on floods, the structure vast
  Is fix'd by Thy decrees.

Who shall ascend God's holy hill?
  Who at His shrine shall stand?
He, who has purity of will,
  Integrity of hand;

Whose soul no vanities possess,
  Who takes no dubious vow:
This man will God most surely bless,
  His righteousness allow.

And thus the lineage is known
  Of those, the chosen race,
Of all, who seek before His throne
  The God of Jacob's face.
Lift up your heads, ye lofty gates,
  Eternal doors divide!
The King of Glory entrance waits;
  Your portals open wide!

Who is this King of Glory?—He
  The strong and mighty Lord;
Mighty in war—in victory,
  Jehovah, God ador'd.
Lift up your heads, ye lofty gates,
  Eternal doors divide!
The King of Glory entrance waits;
  Your portals open wide!

Who is this King of Glory?—Who
  This lofty title boasts?
He who doth all His foes subdue,
  Jehovah, Lord of Hosts!

XXIX.

GIVE to the Lord, ye mighty! in your songs
The strength, and glory, that to Him belongs;
In them due honour to His name express,
And worship Him in truth of holiness.

Jehovah's voice rolls o'er the waters, loud;
Yea, many waters know His thunder cloud;
Jehovah's voice is strong exceedingly,
Jehovah's voice is full of majesty;
Jehovah breaks the cedars by its tone,
Yea, breaketh cedars upon Lebanon;
He makes them also like a calf to bound;
Lo Sirion hears, and Lebanon, the sound;
Jehovah's voice divideth flames of fire,
It shakes the desert when it speaks in ire;
Wild Kadesh trembling, the dread accent knows,
It makes the hinds to own maternal throes:
It gives the forest's dark recess to shine;—
All, in His temple, speak of pow'r divine.

God rules the sea, as it tumultuous rolls,
The flood as King eternally controls.
The people's strength shall by their God increase,
The Lord will bless them, and will give them peace.

XXXVIII.

IN wrath rebuke me not,
Nor chasten, Lord! in anger fierce;
The shafts that by Thy hand are shot,
Cling fast, and deeply pierce:
There is no soundness 'neath my skin,
Thy wrath so hot, so foul my sin.

Iniquities oppress,
Their heavy burden is too great:
I am corrupt through foolishness;
I faint beneath the weight;
I mourn throughout the cheerful day,
And with disease pine fast away.

Now feeble and depress'd
My broken spirit loudly cries;
Ah, Lord! Thou seest my aching breast,
Thou hear'st my groans and sighs;
My heart it pants, my vigour fails,
My eyes thick deep'ning darkness veils.

My lovers and my friends
Averted, leave me to my grief;
My kinsman too, far distant wends;
None proffer me relief;
And they that would my life ensnare,
Ruin, with spiteful guile prepare.

As a deaf man was I;
As dumb, that knew not pow'r of speech;
As one whose ears all sounds deny;
By no reproof can teach.
Do Thou, O Lord my God appear,
In Thee I hope, in mercy hear.

Hear, or my foes will joy,
For if I err, aloud they sneer;
I mourn my sin continually,
And tremble in my fear;
I will my dark offence make known,
And for my sin with sorrow groan.

Active my foes, and strong,
And those who hate me multiply;
To all my right, they offer wrong,
Because I walk with Thee:
Forsake me not, O Lord! nor leave;
Haste, O preserver! haste and save.

XLII.

AS eager pants the thirsting hart
  To drink the cooling stream;
So, of my panting soul, Thou art,
  O God, the one lov'd theme.

My eager soul thus thirsts for Thee;
  O when shall I appear
Before my God? His presence see?
  The living God be near?

My tears have been my meat by day,
  And tears by night, my food;
While they to me continual say,
  O where is now thy God?

Oh, when these things I ponder o'er,
  My yearning soul o'erflows;
For I had gone with crowds before,
  Where God His glory shows:

And joyously we went along,
  And prais'd Thee all the way;
The multitude rais'd high their song
  When they kept holy day.

Then why my soul art thou cast down?
  Why with disquiet vex'd?
Hope thou in God, 'tis He alone
  Who aids thee when perplex'd.

Sorrows, O Lord, possess me still,
  I will remember Thee,
In Hermon, or on Mizar's hill:
  —Where Jordan's waters be.

When loud thy rushing whirlpools flow,
  Deep calleth unto deep;
Thy rolling billows o'er me go,
  Thy waves, tumultuous, sweep.

God will His mercy show by day,
  By night His praise I sing;
To Him, who guards my life, will pray,
  To Him, my sorrows bring:

To Him will cry when sore distress'd,
  Why, Lord, hast Thou forgot?
Why mourn I still by foes oppress'd?
  Oh why so hard my lot?

My enemies' reproaches pierce
  My bones as with a sword,
While they exclaim with gestures fierce
  Daily, where is thy Lord?

Then why my soul art thou cast down?
  Why with disquiet fill'd?
Hope thou in God! He is alone
  Thy God, thy health, thy shield.

XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead for me
  Against the impious race,
The lovers of iniquity,
  Unjust, deceitful, base.

For Thou dost, Lord! my pow'rs sustain;
  Why dost Thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning? and remain
  Oppress'd, the foeman's scoff?

Do Thou, Thy light and truth impart,
  Let them Thy servant lead;
Point to Thy holy hill my heart,
  And where Thy law we read.

Then will I to God's altar go,
  God, my exceeding joy;
There, Lord! my gratitude will shew,
  My harp in praise employ.

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down?
  Whence is thy heavy load?
Hope thou in God! He is alone
  Thy saving health, thy God.

XLIV.

MY heart with many thoughts doth swell
  Of homage towards the King;
With joy I think, with joy I tell,
  My feelings as they spring.

My tongue is as the ready pen,
  The writer's mind to trace;—
"Fairer art thou than sons of men;
  Thy lips are full of grace."

"Therefore beyond time's latest hour
  Thy God hath blessed thee;
Gird on thy sword, thou mighty pow'r,
  In glorious majesty."

"Ride forth with pomp; and prosp'rous be;
  For right, for truth, engage;
Let thy right hand deal terribly,
  And wide destruction wage."

"O may thy keen shafts pierce the heart
  Of all the monarch's foes;
May nations fall beneath the smart,
  Who dare thy pow'r oppose."

"For, firmly fixed, O God! Thy throne
  Eternally shall be;
The sceptre of Thy rule is known,
  For one of equity."

"Thou lovest right, dost evil hate,
  So God, thy God, hath shed
The oil of gladness on thee—great
  Above thy fellows made."

"Thy garments breathe a rich perfume
  Of aloes, cassia, myrrh—
Joy glads the palace ivory room,
  With its bright garniture."

"And royal are the maids who wait,
  Attendant on thy throne;
There stood the queen in robes, whose state
  With gold of Ophir shone."

"Hearken, O daughter! be thine ear
  To deep attention set;
Think not upon thy people here,
  Thy father's house forget:"

"Thy beauty shall the King desire,
  And shall his love reveal;
He is thy Lord: he doth require,
  Thou should'st in worship kneel:"

"And Tyre's daughter shall be there,
And she a gift shall bring;
Rich men shall seek thy grace to share,
O lov'd one of the King."

"Lo! the King's daughter's rich array
Is glorious all with gold,
And the fair forms that o'er it stray,
The needle's art unfold."

"The choir who on her steps attend
Of virgins bright and fair,
Rejoicing, to thy palace wend,
And gladly enter there."

"Lowly their lives, thy fathers take
No pomp from regal birth;
But Thou,—thou may'st thy children make
Princes in all the earth."

I, a memorial to Thy name
From age to age will raise,
Therefore the people shall proclaim
From sire to son, Thy praise.

XLVI.

GOD is our refuge—and our strength alone;
A very present help, in trouble known.
We will not fear although the firm-set earth
Uplifted, quit the spot that knew its birth;
Not—though the mountain from its base should flee,
With force resistless to the distant sea;

Not—though the waters of the stormy main
Roar, and rebellow, to the rocks again;
No sounds of terror from our lips shall break,
Though by its rage the stedfast mountains shake.

There is a stream whose crystal water flows
Fast by the fane where God His glory shows,
No holier spot is found beneath the sky;
For there, the precincts of the Lord Most High,
There dwells His spirit; and her shrines His care,
His ready help, His firm protection share.

The heathen rag'd, and all the realms were stirr'd,
Yea! the earth melted when His voice was heard;
But favour'd Israel his sure refuge boasts,
God of his sires! Jehovah, Lord of Hosts.

Come ye! behold the wonders of His hand,
How He hath desolated every land;
How He hath made the rage of war to cease,
And all the ends of earth to dwell in peace;
He breaks the bow; He cuts in twain the spear;
And His bright flames the rapid chariots sere;
"Be still,—know I am God,—with rev'rence own
High o'er the heathen, and the earth, My throne!"
We have with us Jehovah, Lord of Hosts!
Yea! Jacob's God, Israel his refuge boasts.

XLVII.

ALL ye people! clap your hands,
Sounds of triumph from your bands
Raise to God; for He, Most High,
King o'er earth, deals terribly:

He shall make the people meet,
In submission at our feet;
Our inheritance He proves,—
Evên Jacob's, whom He loves.

Hark the shout!—our God is gone
Up on high with trumpet tone.
Praises to Jehovah sing,
Praise Him only, praise your King.
Yea! sing praises, for the Lord
Is by all the earth ador'd;
Praise with understanding sing.
O'er the heathen, God is King:
And He sitteth on a throne,
Bas'd on holiness alone.
Chieftains of the people see
Join'd in bond of amity,
Tribes who know and love the name
Of the God of Abraham.
For the shields of earth belong
Unto God.—In lofty song
Sound His praises, loud and long.

XLVIII.

GREAT is Jehovah! loudly raise
In His own city hymns of praise;
With joyful heart His praise express
There, on the mount of holiness.

Zion! how beautiful!—the joy
Of the whole earth:—see, plac'd on high,
The city of the king looks forth
Tow'rds the clear region of the north,

And in her palaces 'tis known,
God will Himself a refuge own.

For lo! the kings assembled there,
They passed by the city fair,
And wond'ring as they Zion view
With troubled speed they trembling flew:
Deep felt their pangs, as great their fear,
As, when the hour of travail near,
A woman keenest anguish knows,
And dreads to feel maternal throes.

'Tis Thou who bidd'st the east wind sweep
The ships of Tarshish o'er the deep;

So have we seen events unfold,
As we have heard from those of old;
How, for her guardian, Zion boasts
Jehovah! Lord! the God of Hosts!
She rests in the conviction sure
That while He aids, she shall endure.

Lord, on Thy kindness vast and great,
Within Thy house we meditate;
According to Thy name, O God,
So be Thy praises spread abroad,
Yea, unto earth's most distant land,—
—How full of righteousness Thy hand.

O, let Mount Zion now rejoice;
Let Judah's daughters, loud their voice
In gladness lift, with one accord,
Because of all Thy judgments, Lord.

Walk about holy Zion's bound,
Tell all her lofty towers round;

Mark ye her bulwarks, and her walls;
Consider well her royal halls;
That ye to the succeeding race
May tell the wonders of the place.

This God for ever is our God,
Who guides us e'en through death's dark road.

LI.

HAVE mercy on Thy servant, gracious Lord!
According to Thy loving-kindness, bless!
Thy tender mercy to his sins accord!
Blot out the record of his wickedness.

O wash me throughly from mine error's stain!
Cleanse Thou Thy servant, tho' deep soil'd with sin!
I own my crime, I know disguise is vain,
Before mine eyes my fault hath ever been.

From Thee alone, Thee only, have I err'd,
Have done this evil, only in Thy sight,
That Thou might'st justify Thy sacred word,
And be, in all Thy dealings, clear and right.

Lo sin was mingled with life's earliest germ,
Ere, helpless, on my mother's breast I lay;
Each inward part do Thou in truth confirm,
And make me wisdom's sternest laws obey.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,
Wash me, I shall be whiter far than snow;
O fill my spirit with the raptures keen,
That from the thought of pardon'd errors flow.

My broken heart shall joy, tho' bow'd by Thee;
  Hide Thou Thy face from all my crying sins;
Blot from Thy record mine iniquity;
  Create anew my heart, its feelings cleanse.

In purity, O God! my soul renew,
  Nor from Thy presence cast me ever more;
Thy holy spirit let my mind imbue,
  The joy of Thy salvation, Lord! restore.

In freedom firmly, still my lips uphold,
  Then will I lead transgressors back to Thee;
And sinners turn'd, shall come into Thy fold:—
  From guilt of blood, O Lord, deliver me.

God of my life, of my salvation, Lord,
  Joyful to Thee I will my off'ring bring;
My tongue shall all Thy praise with joy record,
  And of Thy righteousness shall loudly sing.

Lord, open Thou my lips, my mouth shall shew
  Thy praise in ev'ry breath that issues thence;
Thou lov'st not sacrifice, or blood should flow
  Freely in off'rings:—They no joy dispense

To Thee.—Thy chosen sacrifices are,
  A spirit broken, and a contrite heart;
Thou wilt not scorn, when they to Thee repair,
  And all their sorrows and their sins impart;—

O look with favour upon Zion, Lord!
  Build Thou the walls of our Jerusalem!
Pleas'd shalt Thou whole burnt offerings regard,
  When on Thy altars there, we offer them.

LXV.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee :
Within Thy courts waits silently :
Our vows shall be performed there.
To Thee all come, Hearer of prayer !
Happy the people, bless'd are they
Whom Thou constrainest to Thy way ;
Secure within Thy courts they live,
Fill'd with the bounty Thou dost give ;
Yea ! with the goodness Thou hast stor'd,
Within Thy house, Thy temple, Lord.

By the dread terrors of Thy rod
Thou wilt Thy kindness shew, O God ;
The ends of earth confide in Thee ;
And those far off upon the sea ;
Who fix'd the mountains, gave their height,
Boundless in power, girt with might ;
Submissive to Thy firm command,
The sea rolls calmly to the land ;
Controll'd by Thee, its stormy wave,
The shell strewn beach shall silent lave ;
Yea ! the mad people's wilder roar
Is, at Thy bidding, heard no more ;
And they that dwell in farthest lands
Fear, at the tokens of Thy hands.

Glad dost Thou make the early morn,
Joy is upon eve's shadows borne ;
Earth to Thy notice and Thy pow'r
Owes the fine dew, the fertile show'r,
And from the river of the Lord,
Thou dost a copious stream afford.

Corn is Thy gift, Thou dost prepare
The land a plenteous crop to bear;
Where drought the gasping ridges shew,
There streams full charg'd with plenty flow:
Thou break'st the thirsty furrows down,
The soft'ning force of show'rs they own,
And through Thy blessing may be seen
The springing, in its shoots of green;
Crown'd by Thy goodness is the year,
And all Thy paths drop fatness here;
The pastures of the desert wild
Have felt the genial touch, and smil'd:
Girded with joy, the little hills
Revive beneath the gushing rills;
Cloth'd are the fields with fleecy store,
With corn the vallies cover'd o'er,
To Thee their grateful tribute bring,
They shout for joy, they also sing.

LXIX.

SAVE me, O God! the waters on my soul
In mighty billows, now resistless roll;
The faithless ground gives way beneath my tread,
The depth of waters overflows my head;
Wearied with groans, I mourn my hapless state,
And mine eyes fail, while for my God I wait.

How numberless my foes: how fierce they are,
Causeless the hatred they against me bear;
In wrong they strive my being to destroy,
And, great their might, 'gainst me their pow'r employ.

Though I by rapine ne'er increas'd my store,
That which I never took, I yet restore;
Thou didst my folly, O Jehovah, see,
Nor is my guiltiness conceal'd from Thee;
O God of Hosts! on those who seek Thy face,
May I ne'er bring confusion or disgrace;
Nor, for my sake, may angry tumult swell
Among Thy people, God of Israel!
Lo! I for Thee have borne reproach, and blame,
My face for Thee hath been suffus'd with shame;
A stranger to my brethren oft I seem,
My mother's children me an alien deem:
For Thy bless'd courts I glow with burning zeal,
When Thou art taunted, deep resentment feel;
If fasting tam'd my spirit, e'en to tears?
Bitter reproaches were my lot and sneers:
Of mourning sackcloth was my vesture made?
A proverb I became when thus array'd:
Keen spite assails me, where the gate they throng;
I was the burden of the drunkard's song.

But as for me, to Thee I make my prayer,
Let me Thy favour, Thine acceptance share;
Hear, in the multitude of mercy, Lord;
And help for Thy salvation's truth afford.
Let me not sink in the deep mire, but be
Drawn from these waves, and him who hateth me:
Let not the roaring flood my soul o'erflow,
Or the deep drag me to th' abyss below;
Nor on Thy servant, sore oppress'd with woes,
E'er let the gloomy pit's dark entrance close;
Still, Lord, in loving-kindness, towards me turn,
To me in multitude of mercy, yearn;
Hide not Thy face, but me, Thy servant, see,
I am in trouble, hear me speedily;

Draw nigh, O Lord, and cheer my drooping heart,
Redeem my spirit, bid my foes depart:
Thou my dishonour, and reproach, hast known,
My foes are not conceal'd before Thy throne:
My heart is broken, heavily I go,
I look'd for sympathy to ease my woe,
But there was none, no comforter was there,
To cheer the death-like gloom of my despair:
Beneath my grief and hunger's pangs, I sink,
Gall for my meat, and vinegar for drink
They give me: may their table be a snare;
No more in festal off'ring may they share;
Be their eyes darken'd that they cannot see,
Be trembling in their loins continually;
Thine indignation in full measure shed,
And pour Thy wrathful anger on their head;
O let their house be desolation's cell,
Within their tents may no one ever dwell:
They harass him whom Thou hast smitten sore;
Whom Thou hast wounded, persecute the more;
Add sin on sin to their iniquity;
Let them not pardon'd, or acquitted be;
Let not the book of life their names enroll,
Nor be they written in the just man's scroll.

But I am poor, with deep affliction sigh,
Let Thy salvation set me up on high;
I will Thy name in song, Jehovah, praise,
And magnify and thank Thee in my lays:
This will more pleasing to our God appear
Than horns, or hoofs, of heifer or of steer:
See this ye humble, and in God rejoice,
Your heart shall live, who make the Lord your choice;
God hears the poor, scorns not the captive's cries,
From heaven and earth let adoration rise;

From all that move within the briny wave,
For yet Jerusalem our God will save:
Judah's fair cities will He build again,
Restore them as a dwelling place for men,
Yea! as an heritage to Israel give,
Where, those who love His name, secure may live.

LXXIII.

GIVE to the king Thy judgments, Lord,
Be his son's heart abundant stor'd
With love of justice: then shall he
Thy people judge with equity;
And Thine afflicted shall confess
He governs them with righteousness;
Peace from the mountains shall be shewn,
And justice on each hill made known:
He will the wretched ne'er neglect,
The children of the poor protect;
Nor shall oppressors long withstand
The firm correction of his hand:
Fear shall be spread the nations o'er,
Till sun, and moon, shall be no more,
Till generations learn their doom,
And moulder in the silent tomb:
He shall be like the gentle rain,
In showers refreshing earth again:
Virtue shall in his days increase:—
There shall be universal peace;
It shall be firm, abundant, sure,
So long as doth the moon endure.

The symbols of his reign shall shine
Through all the coasts of Palestine;
The wild's unnurtured denizen
Shall bow before him: yea, and then
All enemies his rule shall own,
And lick the dust before his throne.
Then Tarshish' monarch, and the king
Of Isles, shall various presents bring;
The king of Sheba shall be there,
And Seba's king, his gifts to bear:
The princes shall before him bend,
And nations on his state attend:
He shall deliver those in need,
For those who have no aid shall plead;
He will the poor in mercy spare,
Will make the troubled soul his care;
Will ward off violence and strife,
And precious hold the poor man's life.

When many years have o'er him roll'd,
He shall be rich in Sheba's gold;
For him shall pray'r be ever rais'd,
From day to day shall he be prais'd;
Then corn shall cover all the land,
It shall upon the mountain stand;
There shall, high-pil'd, the ripen'd ear
Trembling like Lebanon appear;
Nor to the plenty of the field
Shall the full-peopled city yield;
His name shall last, till time shall be
Dissolved in eternity!
And his renown, until the sun
Shall cease his daily course to run;
In him the people shall have rest,
And ev'ry nation call him bless'd.

Blessed be God: be Israel's Lord
For all His wondrous works ador'd,
For ever blessed be His name,
Let earth be filled with His fame.

Now David's harp no more to men
In praise shall sound. Amen. Amen.

LXXV.

TO Thee do we give thanks, most High,
We offer thanks to Thee;
For that Thy mighty name is nigh,
In wondrous works we see.

When o'er Thy people I shall reign,
I will just doom prepare;
The crowded earth no laws restrain;
I will its pillars bear.

Ye fools be not so mad I cry,
Nor sinners raise your horn;
O lift not up your horn on high,
Nor set your neck in scorn.

Or ask the east, or ask the west,
"Whence doth promotion rise?"
The south?—no answer to your quest
The burning south supplies.

But God is Judge, He setteth up,
And casteth man supine,
And in His hand there is a cup,
Fill'd high with turbid wine.

And wine full mixed thence He pours,
  And doth to sinners bring;
The wrathful vessel's lowest stores,
  Its vilest dregs they wring,

And loathing drink.—I will proclaim
  Till time shall be no more,
The holy God of Jacob's name,
  And songs of praise restore.

All sinners I will sure destroy,
  Yea, utterly abase;
Will fill the good man's heart with joy,
  And with promotion grace.

LXXVI.

IN Judah is Jehovah known,
And great His name in Israel shewn;
His temple is in Salem plac'd,
Zion is with His dwelling grac'd;
For there He brake the shafts, the shields—
To Him the sword and battle yields:
More excellent, more glorious far
Is He, than heap'd up spoils of war;
The high in heart, with lofty brow,
Are spoil'd, and sleep for ever now;
And of the men of might, around,
Not one their hands have pow'rful found.
O God of Jacob, at Thy frown
Deep slumber weigh'd their eyelids down;
Horses on chariots Thou dost heap,
And cast into a death-like sleep:

Thou, terrible art Thou !—who dare
Before Thee, when in ire, repair ?
Thou causest judgment to be heard
From heaven, the earth was still and fear'd,
When God arose His wrath to wreak,
To bless and to preserve the meek;
Surely the rage of man shall be
A season fit for praise to Thee:
And when Thy pow'r is render'd plain,
Remaining wrath Thou wilt restrain.

Vow to Jehovah; pay your vow;
Let all around bring gifts, and bow
To God, with holy rev'rence now.
For kings of haughtiest mien shall own
His terrors, on their proudest throne.

LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people! hear the law divine;
Now to my words a list'ning ear incline;
My thoughts I will in parables unfold,
And I will speak in the dark words of old,
Which we have heard and known; of which our fathers told:
Nor from our children will we seek to hide
What we have heard, but will to them confide:
And shew Jehovah's praise—His wonders—might—
How He His cov'nant put in Jacob's sight;
And how He gave to Israel a law,
And bade our fathers teach us what they saw;
That generations yet to come might know,
And what they learnt to ages onward show;

So they on God might their reliance set,
Nor His commandments or His works forget.
Not as their sires, their origin disgrace,
Or be a stubborn and rebellious race;
A race, who never set their heart aright,
Whose wavering souls did not in God delight.
Lo! Ephraim's offspring from the battle go,
Quit the stern strife, yet bearing still the bow;
They of God's covenant stood no more in awe,
And turn'd their footsteps from His holy law:
Forgot His works, the wonders of His hand,
Done in their fathers' sight in Egypt's land,
And all the marvels seen in Zoan's field—
He bade the roaring waves divide, and yield
A passage to our tribes—they safely went
Through the deep rift in flowing waters rent:
He led them by a cloud throughout the day,
A fire by night fore-ran them on their way;
In the wild desert the dry rocks He clave,
And water, as from depths, abundant gave;
He brought from rugged cliffs the cooling rills,
The waters rush'd like rivers from the hills:
Yet they sinn'd more; rebell'd against His yoke,
And murmurs from them in the desert broke;
In their mistrusting hearts they tempt the Lord,
Meat for their lust they ask Him to afford:
Yea! against God they spake, and, doubting cried,
"In this drear wilderness, can God provide
Food for His people?"—though the rock was smote,
Though forth the overflowing stream gush'd out,
Say, "Can Jehovah give His people bread?"
Still dubious—"Can He give us flesh?" they said.

Jehovah heard; their doubts provok'd His ire,
Jacob He scourged with avenging fire,

In anger fierce 'gainst once-lov'd Israel came,
For that they trusted not His word or name.

The clouds pour'd forth, by His command, their stores,
Yea! by His fiat heaven set wide its doors;
He gave them manna, as He gave them rain,
With heav'n's own corn He cover'd all the plain.
Man ate of angel's food: He sent them meat
In full abundance, and they, thankless, ate:
The loud east wind careering through the skies,
And the warm south by God's command arise,
Then flesh, as dust around our tribes He pours,
And plenteous, as the sand on sea-beat shores,
Of winged fowl, a vast and countless flight
Fall in our camp, or on our tents alight:
So they did eat till they no longer crav'd;
God gave the wishes that their souls deprav'd.
They were not from their very lust withheld,
But e'en while yet their mouth with meat was fill'd,
The wrath of God came on them, and He slew
The chiefest men of all that pamper'd crew,
And many ranks of Israel's chosen race,
Fell by His hand in that disastrous place.

Still they sinn'd on, nor would their God receive,
Nor all His wondrous miracles believe;
For this with vanity He fill'd their days;
And vexing trouble every year dismays.
Yet when He slew them, by the lesson taught
They eager turn'd, and to their Maker sought;
Remember'd God, their rock, and the Most High
As their redeemer; and to Him drew nigh:
Their lip was specious, and with flatt'ry hung,
While nought but lies was utter'd by their tongue;

Their hearts with the Almighty were not right,
Nor was His cov'nant fix'd before their sight.
God, full of mercy, all their sins forgave,
Nor swiftly doom'd them to a sudden grave.
Yea! oft He turn'd His anger far away,
Nor made them of His waken'd ire the prey:
He knew they were but flesh, a passing wind,
That sweeping onward leaves no trace behind:—
Did they not tempt Him in the wilderness?
And in the desert, oft their God distress?
They vex'd Jehovah sore, were backward found,
Doubted His word, set to His pow'r a bound,
Forgat His hand, forgat that fateful day,
When far He drove their enemy away;
Forgat in Egypt how His signs He wrought!
The field of Zoan, how with wonder fraught!
How, there He turn'd their rivers into blood,
Gave to their thirst nought but the tainted flood;
Sent to devour them vast swarms of flies;
Bade frogs to vex them from the slime arise;
Gave their increase, to feed the hungry worm,
And sent destruction in the locust's form;
With hail cut off the promise of their vine;
Urg'd on by frost their sycamore's decline:
He smote their cattle with the driving hail,
And His dread bolts made all their sheep-folds fail:
On them the fierceness of His wrath He cast,
Made them His fiery indignation taste;
Sent swift among them messengers of ill,
Gave His fierce ire its purpose to fulfil;
Spar'd not their souls from death, in that dread hour,
But bid the pestilence their life devour:
Egypt's first-born were by His arrows slain,
And Ham her chiefest mourn'd, yet mourn'd in vain.

But as a shepherd o'er His flock presides,
God His own people through the desert guides;
He calm'd their fears, He bid them safely go,
And made the sea their enemies o'erflow;
Then onward to His sanctuary led,
E'en to the hill His right-hand purchased:
Cast out the heathen by His pow'r divine,
And fix'd our hosts their heritage by line;
He made the wand'ring tribes of Israel
At ease, securely in their tents to dwell:
The most high God they vex'd, and tempted still,
And with proud insolence denied His will,
Unfaithful dealt, and backward turn'd again,
Nor did they from their fathers' sins abstain;
They swerv'd aside like a deceitful bow,
And stirr'd the Lord His hottest wrath to shew—
'Gainst their high places He with ire was mov'd,
By the false images His people lov'd:
So when their harden'd state Jehovah learn'd,
In deep abhorrence tow'rds our tribes He burn'd;
Strait quitted Shiloh, and the holy shrine,
Where 'midst His people dwelt the light divine;
And there His strength in thraldom He restrain'd,
His glory to the enemy ordain'd;
Yea, to the sword our tribes deliver'd o'er,
Was wrath, and cherish'd us with love no more;
Their buoyant youth the burning flame consum'd,
The virgin's couch no nuptial torch illum'd;
Unmourn'd, unwept, the holy Levites feel
The keen avenger's unrelenting steel.

As one from sleep awak'd Jehovah rose,
Or like a mighty man, who, shouting glows
With gen'rous wine:—soon He His foes o'ercame,
And smote their backs with long enduring shame;

Then Joseph's tents He utterly abhorr'd,
And recreant Ephraim pleased not the Lord:
Judah was chosen, and on Zion's hill
He built His temple, there made known His will;
Proud as a regal palace rose the fane,
Like earth establish'd ne'er to move again;
He took His servant David from the field,
From tendance on the teeming ewes withheld;
And made his office, Jacob's race to feed,
To rule o'er Israel, His peculiar seed;
These, with integrity of heart he fed,
And with a skilful hand discreetly led.

LXXX.

HEAR, Thou who tendest Israel!
  Thou Shepherd, pow'r divine,
Who 'midst the cherubim dost dwell,
  Appear, and glorious shine!

Let Ephraim and Manasseh own
  Thy strength in danger's hour;
Let it to Benjamin be known;
  O save us by Thy pow'r.

Turn us, O Lord our God, again,
  And cause Thy face to shine;
We shall be saved freely then,
  By aid from might divine.

Jehovah, God of Hosts! how long
  Wilt Thou refuse the pray'r
Of those who to Thy temple throng,
  And kneel in worship there?

Thou feedest them with tears for bread,
  And to their thirst dost pour
A cup with tears replenished,
  Full measure, running o'er.

Thou makest us a cause for strife
  To friends on every side,
And the dread foes who seek our life,
  Among themselves deride.

Turn us, O Lord our God, again,
  And cause Thy face to shine;
We shall be saved freely then,
  By aid from might divine.

From Egypt Thou hast brought a vine;
  Hast driv'n the heathen far;
Thou didst its fittest place assign,
  And Thou didst room prepare.

Deep struck the roots, it widely spread,
  And o'er the land it rose,
The hills were covered with its shade,
  Like cedars were its boughs.

It sent its branches to the sea,
  The river felt its root;
The fence—why broken down by Thee?
  That all may pluck the fruit?

'Tis wasted by the hungry boar,
  And wild beast of the field:
Return, O God of Hosts! once more,
  Thy vine from ruin shield.

Thou gav'st Thyself the vine its place,
  This branch so cherished—
Lo! axe and flame—Thine alter'd face—
  See! it has perished.

Protect the man of Thy right hand,
  Whom once Thou madest strong;
Thy pow'r we will no more withstand;
  Thy name shall be our song.

Turn us, O Lord our God, again,
  And cause Thy face to shine;
We shall be saved freely then,
  By aid from might divine.

LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast with favour seen
This Thy land; and Thou hast been
Pleased Jacob to set free,
Turning his captivity.
Lord, Thy tribes, forgiv'n by Thee,
Feel not their iniquity;
Thou hast cover'd all their sin,
Thou hast chang'd Thy wrathful mien;
Thou hast turn'd Thine ire aside,
And its fierceness hast denied.

  God of our salvation! turn,
Let no more Thine anger burn;
Wilt Thou let its fierceness be
Spent on us eternally?
Shall Thy wrath in vengeance rage
Upon each succeeding age?

Shall we ne'er Thy favour see,
That Thy tribes may joy in thee?
Still, O Lord! Thy mercy show,
Let us Thy salvation know.

I will listen to the Lord,
Peace will be in every word!
He shall to His people speak,
To His holy ones and meek;
Never, never, let them turn,
Nor tow'rds former follies yearn:
Surely safety will be near
Him who lives in godly fear:
So shall glory brightly shine
In thy land, O Palestine.

Truth and mercy then shall join,
Righteousness with peace combine,
And a kiss their union sign.
Truth from out of earth shall rise;
Justice from the radiant skies
Shall with gracious eye look down,
And the blessed concord crown.

Lord, Thy blessings ne'er shall cease,
Earth shall yield a full increase;
Righteousness shall go before,
To Thy way our steps restore.

XC.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place,
In every age, to every race:
Before the mountains had their birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,

Or spread the universe abroad,
Thou art, from everlasting, God!

Thou sayest to the sons of men,
"Return ye to your dust again?"
For in Thy sight a thousand years
A fleeting yesterday appears,
When it is past in swiftest flight;
Or as a vigil of the night:
Borne on by Thee, in rapid stream,
Man changes, as a restless dream;
Or like the green and tender blade,
O'er which the dawn's fresh breezes play'd,
Cut down, ere eve, in verdant pride,
The herb has wither'd, faded, died.
Thine anger burns, we feel the smart,
Thy wrath plants trouble in our heart;
Thou seest our iniquity,
Open are all our deeds to Thee;
Our sins are secret—'tis in vain,—
All crimes before Thy face are plain.
Our years their onward current hold,
Vain as a tale already told;
The days of years, Thou giv'st to men,
Are they not threescore years and ten?
And if, Lord, through unwonted strength,
They reach fourscore, the weary length
Is nought but sorrow and decay;
'Tis soon cut off; we fly away.

Who in Thine indignation's hour
Fears as he ought its mighty pow'r?
Teach us to number, Lord, our days,
That we may walk in wisdom's ways.

Return, O Lord!—How long?—relent;
Touching Thy servants, Lord, repent;
Fill us with mercy ev'ry morn,
So all our days to gladness turn;
Gladness upon us, Lord, bestow,
As erst Thou measuredst our woe:
Afflicted were our days; each year
Full fraught with evil: Lord, appear
To us, Thine own! by works divine
In glory to our children shine;
And let the beauty of the Lord
Be upon us, for a reward:
Let all our works establish'd be,
Yea! firm establish'd, Lord, by Thee.

XCI.

HE who, within the secret deep
Of the Most High is laid,
He shall abide, and safely sleep
Beneath th' Almighty's shade.

And I will of Jehovah say,
My refuge, fortress, Thou;
The God who guides my devious way;
I will my trust avow.

For He will drive the fowler hence,
With his insidious snare;
And bid the noisome pestilence,
His faithful servant spare.

His plumage shall be o'er thee thrown,
  His wings shall cover thee;
His truth shall for thy shield be known,
  It shall thy buckler be.

No phantom terror of the night,
  No shaft that flies by day,
No gloomy plague shall thee affright,
  Or noon-day pest dismay.

Though it should far malignant spread,
  Till thousands sick'ning lie;
Though near thee fall ten thousand dead,
  It still shall pass thee by.

But with thine eyes thou shalt behold
  The wicked man's reward;
Thy tent Jehovah shall enfold;
  Thy refuge is the Lord.

For this no ills shall fall on thee,
  No plague come nigh thy home;
Angels are charg'd thy guards to be,
  Where'er thy footsteps roam:

Borne in their hands, thou need'st not dread
  Through rudest paths to go;
Upon the lion thou shalt tread,
  The asp thy foot shall know.

Young lions thou shalt trample on,
  Fearless of dragons be—
"For that he loveth Me alone,
  "Lo! I shall set him free:

"And I will now exalt him high,
"Will answer ev'ry claim;
"Whene'er he calls I will reply,
"For he hath known My name:

"Will give him from his griefs release,
"And honours will prepare;
"His days in lengthened age shall cease,
"He in My grace shall share."

C.

O BE joyful in the Lord,
All ye lands, your joy record;
Serve Him gladly, and rejoice;
Raise in song to Him your voice.

Know that God alone is Lord;
Life is giv'n us by His word:
Pow'rless we, ourselves to aid,
He alone hath all things made:
We are His people and the sheep
Of His pasture, rich and deep.
Go your way into His gates,
There to own your thanks He waits;
Go into His courts with praise,
There repeat your grateful lays;
Loud! yea, louder still! proclaim
God is good: O bless His name,
For all gracious is the Lord;
Be His mercy, aye, ador'd,
For His truth, unfailing, sure,
Doth from age to age endure.

CIV.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul: Thou, God, art great;
With honour cloth'd, and majesty, and state;
With light Thou dost enrobe Thyself on high;
And as a curtain stretchest out the sky;
Who in the waters, firm doth set the base
Of Thy removed, close, abiding place.
Who, for Thy chariot, hast the clouds combin'd;
Who walkest forth upon the wings of wind.
Who doth the angels with His will inspire,
And makes His minister, the flaming fire;
Who, the foundations of the earth hast laid,
And bid them be for ever firmly stay'd:—
Thou, as a vest, hast spread o'er earth the deep;
The waters stood above the mountain steep:
At Thy rebuke those waters flee away,
Thy thunder's voice the floods in haste obey:
Up by the lofty mountain side they go,
Or, by the long drawn vallies gently flow
Down to the place which Thou for them didst found;
There Thou hast given them a fixed bound;—
O'er which their waves shall strive to pass in vain,
Nor shall they turn to cover earth again.
The vallies with fresh gushing springs He fills,
Vallies which run among the sloping hills;
There every parched beast doth come to drink;
The thirsty wild ass seeks the cooling brink;
Thither the fowls of heav'n their offspring bring,
And make their home, and mid the branches sing.
The hills He waters from His stores on high,
And earth with fruitful works doth satisfy;
He causeth grass to flourish for the beast,
And for man's service hath the herb increas'd;

That he from out of earth may bring forth food,
And wine to make his heart rejoice with good:
And oil to cause his face to shine, and bread,
Which o'er man's heart its strength'ning force doth
shed.
The trees of God are full of sap, e'en those
He set 'midst Lebanon's eternal snows,
Where birds build nests, which storm nor tempest
stirs;
As for the stork, her home is mid the firs.
The wild goats find a refuge in high hills,
Conies feed safe beside the rocks' clear rills:
At His appointment are the seasons known,
By the moon's rising, and sun's going down;
Thou makest darkness, and, behold, 'tis night;
Forth go the forest beasts that shun the light:
Young lions ravening, roar aloud for prey,
Seeking to God their hunger to allay:
The sun ariseth, when in troops they flock,
And lay them down in caverns of the rock;
Man goeth forth unto his work till eve,
Nor doth he till it comes his labour leave.
How manifold Thy mighty works, O Lord;
Thou hast made all in wisdom; Thou hast stor'd
Earth with Thy riches full; and this wide sea
Is fill'd with hosts of creeping things by Thee:
Small and great things are there; there the ships go;
There vast leviathans wild pastimes know;
These wait on Thee, all wait on Thee to give
The meat in season upon which they live;
Full fill'd with good, they take what Thou dost send,
Thy face Thou hidest, their enjoyments end:
Thou takest back their breath; at once they die,
Returning to their dust, unconscious lie:

Thou sendeth forth Thy Spirit, Lord, anew,
And o'er earth's face fresh forms arise to view.

Jehovah's glory shall for ever stand,
God shall rejoice in all that He has plann'd;
He looks on earth, and lo! with awe it quakes;
The hills He touches, and smoke from them breaks.
Long as I live, I to the Lord will sing;
Praise to my God, while I have being, bring:
My meditation shall of Him be sweet,
And in the Lord my joy shall be complete.

But may all sinners out of earth consume,
Let all the wicked be a transient fume:
Thy grateful joys, my soul with warmth record,
O bless Jehovah, ever praise the Lord.

CVII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord!
Let His goodness be ador'd;
For His mercy, tender, sure,
Doth through onward time endure.

So let His redeemed say,
Ransom'd from their enemy;
Whom He gather'd from the east,
And from south, and west, increas'd;
Yea, He brought them safely forth
From the regions of the north,
Through the wilderness to stray,
Wand'ring on their lonely way;
Nor could favour'd Israel
Find a city where to dwell:

Hungry, thirsty, fainting, there,
Sad they rais'd their soul in pray'r;
God in mercy gave release,
Bid their toil and sorrow cease;
Led them on by the right way,
To the city of their stay.

Oh, that men, with one accord
For His love would praise the Lord—
Sing His works in grateful strain,
Done to us the sons of men:
He the longing soul supplies,
And the hungry satisfies.

Such as sit in gloomy shade,
Fears of death around them spread,
Wearing griefs their spirits ground,
Iron fetters closely bound,
For that, they 'gainst God rebell'd,
And His counsel far repell'd;
Therefore He their hearts subdu'd
With the toils of servitude.
Prone they fell, and no one there
Gave them help, or offer'd care;
Loud they cried to God in grief,
And He gave them sure relief;
Brought them out from depths of gloom,
From the precincts of the tomb,
Yea! by His all pow'rful hand,
Sever'd, sunder'd, ev'ry band.

Oh that men, with one accord,
For His love would praise the Lord—
Sing His works in grateful strain,
Done to us the sons of men;

He the gates of death hath broke,
Bars hath sunder'd by His stroke.

For that foolish men transgress,
And persist in wickedness,
They are grieved by the Lord,
Food is by their souls abhorr'd;
They to gates of death draw nigh,
To Jehovah then they cry,
In the deep distress of grief;
He regards, and gives relief;
He His holy word reveals,
Nor their sure destruction seals.

Oh! that men, with one accord,
For His love would praise the Lord,—
Sing His works in grateful strain,
Done to us, the sons of men.

They who over ocean bear
Traffic, and its anxious care,
On the dark wave's foaming steep
See God's wonders in the deep;
He commands and floods arise;
Lo! the stormy billow flies,
Raging, high to heaven it goes,
Downward to the depth it flows;
Death-like shade He o'er them rolls,
Fear and trouble melt their souls,
Reeling, stagg'ring, to and fro,
Like a drunken man they go,
And with awe and fear full fraught,
Lose the power of sense and thought;
Then they cry unto the Lord,
He their trouble doth regard,

Gives them safety when they plead,
Saves them in their hour of need:
Yea, he calms the stormy deep,
Till the foaming billows sleep;
For this sweet, unhop'd-for, rest,
Joy pervades the seaman's breast;
Who, though once of winds the sport,
Safe is brought into the port.

Oh! that men, with one accord,
For His love would praise the Lord,—
Sing His works in grateful strain,
Done to us the sons of men;
Let them now exalt His name,
Where His holy altars flame;
Let th' assembled elders raise,
Loud to Him their voice of praise.
He the flowing river drains,
Turns its bed to arid plains,
And where water springs abound,
Shall the flinty rock be found;
Barren, at His will, the field,
(Erst with store prolific fill'd,)
For the wickedness and sin,
Done by those who dwell therein;
He the wilderness doth make
To become a standing lake,
And He bids the parched ground
Now with water springs abound,
While He makes the hungry there
Dwell, a city to prepare;
Bids them sow the fertile field,
Plant the vine, that it may yield
From its freely spreading root,
All the full increase of fruit;

Suffers not their herds to fail,
Nor wan famine to prevail.
Minished, again they fall
Under sorrows' bitter thrall,
Sore oppress'd, they sink with grief:
He hath spurn'd the proudest chief,
And their devious path hath trac'd,
Through the desert's trackless waste;
But He sets the needy high,
When in grief they humbly sigh,
And He makes their progeny
Like a pastur'd flock to be;
Good like this without alloy,
Shall the upright fill with joy;
While thy mouth, iniquity,
Closed ever more shall be.

Who is wise and who will store
All these things to ponder o'er,
Even they shall fully learn
All God's goodness to discern.

CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord:—Lo! I will raise
With my whole heart, my voice in praise,
Amid the just the theme pursue,
And in the congregation too.

Great are the works of God, and sought
By those who thus true joys are taught:
His works are glorious, and sublime;
His justice endeth not with time;
God all His wonders hath display'd,
And in the depths of memory laid;

The Lord is gracious, and replete
With mercy; He hath given meat
To them that fear Him; He will be
Mindful of His declar'd decree:
The power of His works hath shewn,
To those He condescends to own;
That they might hold from age to age,
The heathen land in heritage:
Justice and truth are from His hand;
All His commandments firm shall stand;
They are, and they shall ever be
In judgment done, and verity;
He hath to all His people giv'n
Release from sin, the hope of heav'n;
So doth His covenant proclaim;
Holy and reverend His name.
The fear of God, and that alone,
Is for the source of wisdom known;
And he best walks her perfect way,
Who seeks God's precepts to obey;—
His praise endures; yea, it shall last
When moments, days, and years are past.

CXIV.

WHEN out of Egypt hasten'd Israel's throng,—
The house of Jacob, from a foreign tongue—
In Judah shrin'd, in Israel He was thron'd.

His power the sea and Jordan, refluent, own'd;
Like rams the mountains skipp'd, each little hill
Like a young lamb, that boundeth at his will.

Why thus, wild ocean, thy disorder'd flight?
Why backward borne, O Jordan! in thy might?

Why, O ye mountains, do ye skip like rams?
Ye little hills, why bound ye like young lambs?

Tremble, O earth, before Jehovah's face,
Before the God of Jacob's chosen race;
Who made the rock become a standing pool,
The flint well forth, a fount of waters cool.

CXVIII.

O GIVE thanks to the Lord! of His goodness be sure,
For His mercy it doth and shall ever endure;
"Everlasting His mercy," let Israel cry,
"Everlasting," be Aaron's adoring reply:
Let all, who the fear of Jehovah now share,
That His mercy endureth for ever declare.

I call'd on the Lord, I call'd in distress;
He heard me, He answer'd, He gave me redress;
Jehovah is for me, I never will fear
What man can do 'gainst me if He but near;
With those He is joined who are helpers to me;
On all those who hate me my wish I shall see.

It is better to trust in Jehovah, Most High,
Than for aid upon man or his promise rely:
It is better to trust in Jehovah, the Lord,
Than to trust in a monarch, to lean on his word.

The nations crowd round me, my weapon shall be
The name of the Lord; they shall hear it and flee;
Around me they press, yea they compass me round,
In the name of the Lord they are struck to the ground;

Like bees they swarm round—they are quench'd as
a flame
That rises from thorns, by the Lord's holy name.

Thou didst aim at my ruin, didst fiercely assail,
But the Lord would not suffer thy wrath to prevail;
The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my song,
To Jehovah alone doth salvation belong;
In the tents of the just may be heard the glad voice
With which for salvation they loudly rejoice:
Jehovah's right hand is exalted on high,
Jehovah's right hand doeth valiantly.
No! I shall not perish, but live to explain
The works of the Lord—though He put me to pain,
Yea, though His chastisements are grievous and sore,
To death th' Almighty hath not giv'n me o'er;
Wide open the gates of Jehovah to me,
O Lord, I will enter with praises to Thee.

Lo, this is the gate of Jehovah, and there
Unfalt'ring the righteous may freely repair;

I will praise Thee, because Thou hast heard, and
replied,
Thou hast my defence and salvation supplied.

See, that which the builders refused to own,
Is now of the building the chief corner-stone;
This is from the Lord, how great our surprize,
It is His own doing, and vast in our eyes;
Lo, this is the day which Jehovah hath made,
We will loudly exult, and rejoice, and be glad:
Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord; hear our pray'r,
And give us the joys of Thy favour to share.

Ever blessed is he who comes now in the name
Of Jehovah, the Lord, from His house we proclaim.
Who hath shewed us light, but Jehovah, the Lord?
Bind the sacrifice fast to the altar with cord;
Yea, fast to its horns.

To the Lord I will bring
High ton'd my thanksgiving: Jehovah is king.
Give thanks to the Lord, of His goodness be sure,
For His mercy it doth, and will ever endure.

CXX.

WHEN clouds of sorrow o'er me roll,
And deep distress untunes my soul,
Earnest, I cry unto the Lord,
He hears my supplicating word.
"Free me from lips that specious smile,
"From tongues imbu'd with treacherous guile:
"What shall be given unto thee?
"What shall thy gain thou false tongue be?"
Sharp arrows of the warrior,
And burning brands of juniper!

Ah! woe is me, that I should stray
In Mesech's wild and barbarous way;
Or that in Kedar's tents should dwell
The wanderer of Israel:
Oh I have dwelt too long with those
Who know not peace, who hate repose;
I am for peace, for rest I sigh,
But war, wild war, is all their cry.

CXXI.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
  Whence cometh all mine aid;
The Lord alone my help supplies,
  Who heaven and earth hath made.

He shall sustain thy footsteps well,
  He careful watch shall keep,
Lo! He that guardeth Israel,
  Shall slumber not, nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy guard and guide,
  Jehovah is the shade
That on thy right hand doth abide,
  Lest the hot sun invade.

He will restrain its fiercer beams
  From smiting thee by day;
Nor shall the moon's mysterious gleams
  Strike thee with nightly ray.

The Lord shall keep thy soul from sin;
  Jehovah shall watch o'er
Thy going out, thy coming in,
  Now and for evermore.

CXXV.

THEY, who to Jehovah flee,
Shall as Zion's mountain be;
Where it rises o'er the plain,
Fix'd it stands and shall remain:

As the hills thy towers bound,
O Jerusalem! around,
Doth Jehovah ever stand
Sov'reign of His chosen band;
O'er them spreads His guardian pow'r,
Henceforth, and for evermore.

Never shall the wicked thrust
Rule of his upon the just,
Lest the good man's hand should be
Put forth to iniquity.

Let Thy blessing, Father, rest
Plenteous on each holy breast;
Every good to those impart
Who are upright in their heart;
As for such who turn aside,
Or in crooked paths abide,
They shall be, O gracious Lord,
Outcast with their works abhorr'd;
But while they with sinners dwell,
Peace shall be on Israel.

CXXVI.

WHEN God the bondage sore revers'd
Of thee, Jerusalem;
We rose, as fell the chain accurs'd,
We rose, as from a dream.

Then was our mouth with laughter fill'd,
We tun'd to joy our tongue;
'Twas said, when God His pow'r reveal'd,
The heathen tribes among.

The Lord hath done great things for them:
  Yea, hence our gladness springs,
That He hath for Jerusalem
  Done great and wondrous things.

O turn back our captivity,
  As flows a southern stream;
So those who sow in tears may see
  The ripen'd harvest gleam.

May he, who weeping took the road,
  Though bearing precious seed,
Return in joy to his abode,
  With sheaves, his well-earn'd meed.

CXXVIII.

BLESS'D is the man who fears the Lord,
  Who walks in His commands;
For thou shalt eat, O rich reward,
  The labour of thy hands:
O truly happy shalt thou be,
It shall be very well with thee.

Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
  Cling to thy home, ador'd;
Thy children round about thee twine;
  Like olives grace thy board:
Yea, all these blessings shall be near
The man who lives with God in fear.

Jehovah shall His servant bless
  From out of Zion's hill;
The sight of Salem's happiness
  Thy future days shall fill.

Thou shalt thy children's children see,
While peace shall still on Israel be.

CXXIX.

LO, oft they have afflicted me,
  From youth I was their prey;
This may thy song now Israel be,
  Thus may'st thou joyful say.

From early youth they griev'd me sore,
  And oft with taunts assail'd;
But though they vex'd, they could no more,
  They never have prevail'd.

The ploughers plough upon my back,
  There lengthen'd furrows lay;
But God is just, He sees their track,
  And cuts their cords away.

O let confusion be on those
  Who hate Thy holy hill;
Let them be like the grass that grows,
  Far from the moist'ning rill;

Which withereth before its prime,
  Yields to no mower's hand;
Which knows not joyous harvest time,
  Which feels no reaper's band;

Nor fills his bosom; nor do they
  Who pass, with kindly word,
"God's blessing be upon you," say,
  "We bless you from the Lord."

CXXX.

OUT of the depths, O Lord, I cry,
Hear Thou my voice, vouchsafe reply;
Thine ear, O Lord, in mercy bend,
And to my suppliant voice attend;
If Thou should'st mark our frequent sin,
O who shall stand?—Thy presence win?
But there is mercy, Lord, with Thee,
That Thy great name may feared be;
Now on the Lord my soul doth wait,
And on His word I rest my fate;
More do I for Jehovah watch,
Than they who look for morn's approach;
I patient wait, yea more, I say,
Than those who watch for morning's ray:
Let Israel's hope be in the Lord,
For mercy is in His award;
Plenteous redemption is with Him,
Who Israel will from sins redeem.

CXXXI.

O God, no pride is in my heart,
  Nor lofty is mine eye;
Nor do I strive to bear a part
  In things for me too high.

No, I refrain my passions wild,
  And calm them all to rest;
My soul is quiet as a child,
  Wean'd from its mother's breast:

Yea, even as a weaned child—
  In God let Israel trust,
And never be of hope beguil'd,
  That He will yet be just.

CXXXIII.

How good and pleasant 'tis to be
Where brethren dwell in unity;
'Tis like the precious unguent shed
Upon the honours of the head,
Whose way is track'd by fragrance strewn,
As to the beard it trickles down;
Ev'n Aaron's beard, whose silvery tress
Was mingled with his flowing dress.
  As the refreshing dew distils
On Hermon's mount, on Zion's hills;
So there doth God His blessings store,
Ev'n life commands for evermore.

CXXXIV.

LO, bless ye now the Lord,
  Ye ministering band,
Who take your nightly ward,
  And at His altar stand.

Lift up your heads on high
  Within His holy place;
There to Jehovah cry,
  His name for ever bless.

Jehovah! He who made
  The heavens by His will,
And earth's foundations laid,
  Bless thee from Zion's hill.

CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the Lord, O praise His holy name;
All ye His servants, be His praise your theme;
All ye who stand within Jehovah's shrine,
Or in the courts where bright His glories shine.
Praise ye Jehovah, for the Lord is good,
'Tis sweet to sing the hymn of gratitude:
The Lord hath chosen Jacob for His pleasure,
Israel He owns for a peculiar treasure;
Truly I know the Lord our God is great,
Above all gods He holds His sov'reign state;
He doth His pleasure in the lofty sky,
And earth obeys the rule of Deity:
He wills—and ocean's waves submissive sweep
To do His bidding in the lowest deep;
He causeth vapours out of earth to rise,
Light'nings to gleam, storms to dispart the skies,
And winds to rush forth from His treasuries;
Egypt's first-born He smote throughout the land,
Nor man, nor beast, could the dread force withstand;
Who signs and wonders to the midst of thee
Sent, O dark Egypt, for thy plagues to be,
As Pharaoh well and all his servants knew:
Who smote great nations, mighty kings he slew;
Sihon, the Amorite; Og, Bashan's king;
While of His deeds all Canaan's borders ring:

He gave, as for an heritage, their land,
Yea, for an heritage to Israel's band.

Thy name, Jehovah, ever shall endure,
And Thy memorial to each age be sure.

God will avenge the people of His choice,
And all His own in mercy shall rejoice:
The heathen's idols silver are, and gold,
Men carve their forms, men's hands the image mould:
Lo! they have mouths, but mouths which silent be,
And eyes are theirs, but eyes which cannot see;
Ears which hear not; nor was there ever known
Warm breath to issue from their lips of stone:
And they who make them, like unto them are,
And they who trust them, in the folly share.
O house of Israel, do thou bless the Lord;
O house of Aaron, join with glad accord;
O house of Levi, in the blessing join;
Bless ye, who fear the Lord, the pow'r divine.

Bless'd be Jehovah out of Zion's hill,
Who in Jerusalem abideth still.
Praise ye the Lord.

CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's proud river flows,
We wept when thoughts of Zion rose;
Our silent, tuneless, harps, unstrung,
On the sear'd willow branches hung.

The insulting victor mock'd our pain,
And bade us sing a joyous strain;
They told us mirthfully to raise
A song to holy Zion's praise.

But how shall mournful captives sing
The song of their Almighty King?

If I, Jerusalem, should be
Unmindful of my ties to thee;
May my right hand forget her skill,
My cleaving tongue be parch'd, be still
If thy dear praise do not employ
My pow'rs, above my chiefest joy.

O Lord, remember Edom's race,
Who eager, Salem to deface,
Cried "Raze it, raze it to the ground,
Nor be the deep foundations found."

Daughter of Babel! time shall bring
On thee the dark avenger's wing;
On thee shall joyfully be wrought
The woes thou hast on Israel brought:
Happy, thrice happy, shall he be
Who wreaks our vengeance upon thee;
Who sternly heedless of thy groans,
Shall dash thy babes against the stones.

CXXXIX.

O THOU hast search'd me, Lord, and known
My rising up and lying down;
And Thou, ere I can words prepare,
Dost know my unform'd thought afar;
Thou compassest my path, my bed;
Thou dost perceive the way I tread;
Nor is there on my tongue a word,
But 'tis by Thee distinctly heard;

Thou, Lord, dost circle me around,
On ev'ry side Thy hand is found—
What wondrous knowledge! 'tis in vain
I strive th' amazing height to gain—
Where shall I from Thy spirit flee?
Or where, but in Thy presence be?
If I to highest heaven ascend,
Lo, Thou art there! If I descend
And hide me in the depths profound,
Ev'n there Thou art before me found;
Should I, upon the wings of morn
Far o'er the utmost sea be borne,
There am I led by Thy command;
There am I held by Thy right hand.
Or, if I say the deep'ning shade
Shall surely be my cov'ring made:
Then shall the darkest gloom of night,
Be as day's brightness in Thy sight:
With Thee the darkness doth not hide,
Night doth not from the day divide,
Darkness and light are equally
Alike, Almighty God, to Thee.

'Twas Thou who fashionedst my reins,
Who link'd with mine my mother's veins;
To Thee my praise shall still be paid,
For I am wonderfully made,
And fearfully:—I know each part
Declares the wonders of Thy art;
Thy works, O Lord, all works excel,
And that my soul doth know right well;
My substance was not hid from Thee,
When I was form'd in secrecy,
And curiously before my birth
Was wrought in the abyss of earth;

Thine eyes beheld the substance crude,
Before it was with form endu'd;
My members in Thy book were read,
As in continuance fashioned;
To Thee the full perfection shone,
When none had into being grown;
How precious therefore are to me,
The thoughts that rise, O God, of Thee.
How great the sum! how vast the store!
If I should tell the number o'er,
Countless they are, as the light sand,
Which drifts along the sea-beat strand.
When I awake, my active mind
Ever with Thee, my God, I find;
Oh, that Thou would'st the wicked slay;
Depart, ye men of blood, away!
Sinners, unholy and profane,
Who take Thy sacred name in vain—
Do not I hate, O Lord, all those
Who hate Thee, and are known Thy foes?
Am not I grieved, Lord, to be
With those who raise themselves 'gainst Thee?
I hate them perfectly, despise,
And count them all mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my thoughts, each inward part;
See if in wicked paths I stray;
Lead me the everlasting way.

CXLIV.

BLESS'D be my rock; it is the Lord
Who teacheth me to wield the sword;

My fortress, and my tow'r—my friend,
My shield—He doth deliv'rance send;
'Tis He in whom I trust alone,
To bow the people to my throne.

Lord, what is man, that he should be
Observ'd and known, great God, by Thee?
Or, son of man, that he should e'er
Be counted worthy of thy care?
Man is but vanity alone,
Whose days have as a shadow flown.

O, bow the heavens, and come down,
Thy touch the smoking mount shall own;
Forth let Thine arrowy lightnings go,
To scatter ev'ry impious foe;
Thy hand send swiftly from above
To rid me, and my soul remove
Out of great waters; from the hand
Of the strange children of that band,
Whose mouth speaks nought but vanities,
Whose hand is a right hand of lies.

To Thee, Jehovah! I will sing,
Will wake to Thee the newest string;
From psalteries Thy praise shall sound,
Which ten-string'd instruments rebound.
'Tis He alone the safety gives
By which the proudest monarch lives;
And David, by his mighty word,
Is rescu'd from the hurtful sword;
O do Thou rid me from the hand
Of the strange children of that band,
Whose mouth speaks nought but vanities,
Whose hand is a right hand of lies;

That all our sons as plants may grow,
Whose roots a youthful vigour know;
That in our daughters we may own
The beauty of a corner stone,
And in their polish'd graces see
Similitude of royalty;
That we may find a copious store
In garners fill'd to running o'er;
And that in thousands, flocks may meet,
Yea, tens of thousands, in our street;
That all our oxen may be strong
To bear the toil of labour long;
That peace may in our cities reign,
And none within their bounds complain.

Happy the state, and free from care,
When all these blessings centre there;
Happy the people who accord
To own Jehovah for their Lord.

CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord! O praise the Lord, my soul;
Yea, while I live, shall praise in incense roll;
While I have being, unto God shall rise
My daily song of praise, in sacrifice.

Trust not in princes, though they mighty be;
Nor son of man—he cannot succour thee;
His breath goes forth, he turneth to his earth;
His thoughts they die, the moment of their birth.
Happy the man whom Jacob's God doth aid,
The man whose hope is on Jehovah laid;

Who made the heav'ns and earth, the rolling sea
And all therein; His truth shall endless be;
Who doeth judgment when oppressors reign;
Who feeds the hungry, breaks the prisoner's chain;
Jehovah openeth the sightless eyes;
Jehovah bids the bow'd down spirit rise;
Jehovah loves the righteous, and protects
The stranger, nor the fatherless rejects,
Relieves the widow, is her guard and guide;
But turns the sinners' crooked way aside.
Eternity shall own Jehovah's sway;
All generations Zion's God obey:—
Praise ye the Lord.

CXLVII.

O, IT is good to praise the Lord,
To strike in praise the sounding chord;
It is a pleasant, comely thing,
The praises of our God to sing.

Jehovah builds up Salem's walls,
Her exil'd sons together calls;
He healeth up the broken heart,
Bindeth the wound, bids pain depart.
He tells the stars, gives all their names;
That He is great, His pow'r proclaims;
In wisdom infinite, lo He
Raises all those who lowly be;
But to the ground He doth abase
The sons of an ungodly race.

Let gratitude the song inspire,
Praise ye Jehovah on the lyre;
He covers heav'n with clouds of air,
Doth for the earth soft rain prepare;
He clothes with grass the sterile hills,
The hungry herds with food He fills;
He hears and doth the ravens feed;
Not the strong courser's utmost speed
Can pleasure Him, nor Him delight
The foot of man in swiftest flight.
Jehovah doth well pleas'd appear,
With those who live to Him in fear,
Who hope His mercy will be near.

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem;
Zion, be praise of God thy theme;
With strength He doth thy walls invest,
Thy children hath within thee bless'd.
He maketh peace thy borders mete,
Fills thee with finest of the wheat;
He sendeth forth to ev'ry land—
And swift it speeds—His high command;
Like wool He spreads abroad the snow,
Bids the hoar frost like ashes go!
His ice, like morsels, casteth far,
Oh, who His biting cold can bear?
He sendeth out His word, they melt
Soon as they have its influence felt.
He bids the genial breezes blow,
And soon the ice-bound waters flow.
He doth His word to Jacob seal,
His ordinance to Israel;
Thus with our tribes He deals alone:
Heathens have not His judgments known:—
Praise ye the Lord.

CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord!
  Praise ye Him in highest heav'n;
Angels, be your God ador'd;
  By His hosts let praise be given.

Sun and moon, O join your praise;
  Praise Him all ye stars of light;
Waters above heav'n, your lays
  With the highest heav'n unite.

Praise ye all Jehovah's name;
  He commandeth, and they were;
He by law established them,
  His eternity to share.

Praise Him earth, and ye vast forms
  That in depths of waters horde;
Snow, and vapour, light'ning, storms,
  Boist'rous winds, that do His word.

All ye mountains, every hill,
  Cedars, every fruitful tree;
Herds that the rich pastures fill,
  Reptiles, birds, where'er ye be.

Kings, and multitudes of earth;
  Princes, judges, chieftains, there;
Age, and babes just sprung to birth;
  Virgins, youths, His praise declare.

Praise Jehovah's name alone,
  For His name alone is high;
Glorious He on earth is known,
  Glorious o'er the glowing sky.

He doth high exalt our horn,
  Yea, His holy ones doth raise;
Ev'n the sons to Israel born,
  Evermore Jehovah praise.

CL.

PRAISE ye the Lord! to God on high
Sing praises in His sanctuary;
Praise Him within the firmament,
Above us by His power bent.
Praise Him for all His mighty deeds,
Praise Him, whose greatness all exceeds,
Praise Him with the sharp trumpet's sound,
Praise let the psaltery rebound,
Praise Him with harp and timbrel too,
Praise in the choral dance pursue,
Praise Him with stringed instrument,
Be praise from the deep organ sent,
Praise be the loud cymbal's share,
Praise on high sounding cymbals bear;
Let ev'ry living, breathing thing,
Praise to the Lord Jehovah sing.

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